Bring oile to ſtir, ſnow to their colder moods,
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
With euery gale and vary of their maſters,
Knowing nought like daies but following,
A plague vpon your Epelipticke viſage,
Smoile you my ſpeeches, as I were a foole?
Gooſe, if I had you vpon Sarum Plaine,
Ide ſend you cackling home to Camulet.

Duke. What, art thou mad olde fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I and ſuch a knaue.

Duke. Why doſt thou call him knaue, what's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Duke. No more perchance doth mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue ſeene better faces in my time,
Than ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Duke. This is a fellow, who hauing beene praiſd
For bluntneſſe, doth affect a ſaucie ruffines,
And conſtraines the garb quite from his nature,
He cannot flatter he, he muſt be plaine,
He muſt ſpeake truth, and they will take it ſo,
If not hee's plaine, theſe kinde of knaues I know,
Which in this plainneſſe harbour more craft,
And more corrupter ends, then twenty ſilly ducking
Obſeruants, that ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir in good ſooth, or in ſincere verity,
Vnder the allowance of your grand aſpect.
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radient fire
In flitkering *Phœbus* front.

Duke. What meanſt thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialogue which you diſcommend ſo much; I know ſir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I wil not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreate me to it.

Duke.

Duke. What's the offe
Stew. I neuer gaue him
Very late to ſtrike at me
When he coniunct and fl
Tript me behinde, being
And put vpon him ſuch a
That worthied him, got
For him attempting who
And in the flechuent of t
Drew on me heere again
Kent. None of theſe ro
Duke. Bring foorth th
You ſtubborne miſcreant
Wee'l teach you.
Kent. I am too olde to
I ſerue the King, on whoſ
You ſhould do ſmall reſp
Againſt the grace and pe
Stopping his Meſſenger.
Duke. Fetch foorth th
There ſhall he ſit till noo
Reg. Till noone, till nig
Kent. Why Madam, if
vſe me ſo.
Reg. Sir, being his knau
Duke. This is a fellow o
Our ſiſter ſpeakes off, con
Gloſt. Let me beſeech y
His fault is much, and the
Will checke him for't; yo
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and temr
And moſt common treſpa
The King muſt take it ill,
In his Meſſenger, ſhould
Duke. Ile anſwer that.
Reg. My ſiſter may rece
To haue her gentleman ab

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